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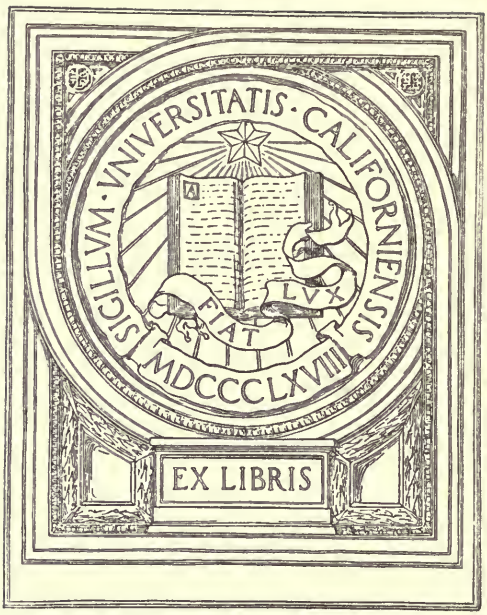

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Supplement to Pacific Commercial Advertiser.

MEMORIAL SERVICE

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FORT STREET CHURCH,

IN MEMORY OF

JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD

ADDRESS

— BY —

REV. J. A. CRUZAN,

HONOLULU, H. I., OCT. 6, 1881.

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MEMORIAL ADDRESS.

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AMERICANS, REPRESENTATIVES OF OTHER NATIONS, FRIENDS, BROTHERS!—(for "one touch of pity makes the whole world kin:")

At last the stroke so long dreaded has fallen. JAMES A. GARFIELD, 20th President of the United States, is dead! But we've lost more than a *mere President*—that were small loss indeed, and easily replaced by another man standing for a moment with uplifted hand. Death has taken from us a true soldier, a conscientious statesman, a self-denying patriot, a Christian gentleman, and a model man in every relation of life. And to every American there is a still nearer, more heart-touching sense of loss: During these awful days and months, since the 2d of July, when the miscreant's bullet did its dreadful work, a sense of kinship for the sufferer has grown into the hearts of fifty millions of Americans. We've lost a dear friend, a brother, as well as a ruler. And so, this seems a time for tears, and not for words.

"Weep! for the word is spoken—
Mourn! for the knell is tolled—
The master-chord is broken,
And the master-hand is cold.
The warrior's deeds are over,
A Nation mourns her Chief;
All patriot hearts are riven,
All bosoms swell with grief.

"His fame had spread around him—
It compassed all the land;
His name was sung by every tongue
And cheered by every hand.
He came to win fresh laurels,
But fate was in their breath,
And turned his march of triumph
Into a dirge of death.

"O, all that knew him loved him,
For with his noble mind
He bore himself so meekly,
His heart, it was so kind!
He's gone! but yet behind him
He leaves a glorious name;
Death cannot blight his laurels,
Nor time inspire his fame."

The simple story of his life is so eloquent, so truly American, that no countryman of JAMES A. GARFIELD ever tires at its frequent repetition. Born in 1831, the year 1840 finds him an uncouth orphan boy struggling along the prosaic dead level of life on a farm; a few years later we see him enduring the hardships and drudgery of a canal-boatman's experience; at eighteen years of age an ambitions student in an academy; the next year a country school teacher, earning money to continue his studies; at twenty-three a hard working student in William's College; four years later a college graduate, and a Professor in a College, struggling against debts occurred in educating himself; at the age of twenty-eight a College President and a State Senator; in 1860, then only twenty-nine, a man of influence throughout his State; in 1861 Colonel of the 42nd Ohio Infantry, commander of a brigade, driving forward with resistless energy into Eastern Kentucky, and against superior numbers winning the first noted battle in the West; in 1862 a Brigadier General and Chief of Staff to Gen. Rosecrans, Commander of the Army of the Cumberland; then the same year a Major General; in 1863 reluctantly leaving the army to take his seat in Congress as the successor of Joshua R. Giddings; re-elected eight times, almost without opposition in his own party, and from the first taking the position of an acknowledged leader in Congress; in 1880, receiving, unsought, the unanimous nomination by his party for United States Senator,

and a triumphant election; in the same year, while earnestly working for the nomination of another, made against his protest, the standard bearer of the Republican party, and elected President of the United States. How marvelous this bare outline of his life seems as we recount it to-day! In what other land than America is such a success possible?

And yet this eminently successful and typical American life was no *accident*. It rested on solid foundations. We must look within a man, and not without him, for the secret of success. The man himself, and not his circumstances or surroundings shape his future. His aspirations, his energy, his courage, his strength of will—these are what determine his success or failure.

The traits of that character which the world has learned to revere, and which every American loves, appeared early in JAMES A. GARFIELD. Perseverance, mental power, truthfulness, and generosity of nature—these were what made him great. Possessing these qualities, in America, he could not fail of becoming a marked man and winning distinction. He was from the people and of the people, a natural product of our system of Government and national life.

JAMES A. GARFIELD simply reaped the harvest which his own hard-working hands sowed. The only genius he had was a genius for good, plain, honest, hard work. This was the "open secret" of his marvelous success. He became the grand man he was because nature gave him a strong mind in a strong body, and he developed and used this endowment. With untiring patience and industry he fitted himself for usefulness. On the brain and brawn of the West he grafted the culture and learning of the East, and then used these for country, for humanity, for God.

Pure and courageous as a boy; ambitious and self-reliant as a young man; enthusiastic and painstaking as a teacher; tireless and brave as a soldier; bold and aggressive, but even-tempered and just as a Congressional leader; broad and comprehensive, trusting to principle and right and scorning the temporary success won by tricks of demagagues, as a statemen; never owing a "machine," but winning success by ability, by devotion to the public good, and by his straight forward honesty, as a politician; as President, sorely tried, but bearing himself with such patience, firmness and wisdom that the Nation soon saw that the right man was in the right place—that the man whom they had made First Citizen was just, patriotic, broad and liberal in his judgment and firm as a rock, the President of the whole Nation and not of a section, or a political party; as a man and a citizen he was so hearty, so sympathetic, so loving of the life around him, of his family, of his friends, his State, and his country, it is no marvel that America loved him and honored him while living, and that she mourns him broken-heartedly, and inconsolably, when dead.

"O'er GARFIELD'S tomb, with silent grief oppressed,
COLUMBIA mourns her hero now at rest.
But those bright laurels never fade with years,
Whose leaves are watered with a Nation's tears."

We do not live—*or die*—to ourselves alone. Certainly such a man as JAMES A. GARFIELD does not! This noble life, this heroic sick room, and the sad death, is full of lessons. Let me put a few of them into words:

1. We have here an admirable illustration of the true idea of greatness.

What says the Christ? "Whosoever will

be *greatest* among you let him be your *servant*." To no man in American history, not even to WASHINGTON or LINCOLN could the term "public servant"—so often abused and a misnomer—be so fully applied as to JAMES A. GARFIELD. Wrote George Alfred Townsend last year: "GARFIELD has been the drudge of his State, of his constituents, of the public, of educational institutions and moral societies and of his party and of the country since 1860." He never sought place; the places always sought the man. He put the business of others before his own. He gave his best thought, and his best years in incessant toil for the public good. In our money loving, self-seeking age, how refreshing it is to find such a devoted unselfish life. But thank God he did not labor without reward. No man working with such a spirit ever does. Gladly walking in the pathway of service, seeking not his own but other's good, that pathway led him steadily upward till he became the "greatest" among a Nation of fifty millions of people.

2. His was a pure, noble, Christian life. He was so great because he was so Christ-like. In the language of his grief-stricken Pastor, as he stood a few days ago in the great throng in Washington looking into the loved dead face:

"The glory of this man, as we think of him now, was his discipline in the school of Christ. His attainments as a scholar, and a statesman will be the theme of orators and historians, and they must be worthy men to speak praiseworthy. But it is as Christians that we love to think of him now. It was that which made his life to man an invaluable boon, and his death to us an unspeakable loss. He was no sectarian. His religion was as broad as the religion of Christ. He was a simple Christian, bound by no sectarian ties, and wholly in fellowship with all pure spirits. He was a Christologist rather than a theologist."

His was that unswerving, heroic type of Christianity, so rarely seen in earth's high places. Principle, not policy, ruled his life. He valued his manhood more than party—right more than success. He never sold his birth-right as a Christian for the "pottage" of place or power. Just after his unsought election to the United States Senate, in his speech of thanks to the Ohio Legislature, he said:

"I have represented for many years a district in Congress, whose approbation I greatly desired; but, though it may seem egotistical to say it, I yet desired still more the approbation of one person, and his name is—GARFIELD. And if I should be so unfortunate as to lose the confidence of this larger constituency, I must do what every other fair minded man has to do—carry his political life in his hand and take the consequences. But I must follow what seems to me the only safe rule of my life—my *conscience*."

There we feel the main-spring of this grand life—a *conscience* enlightened by the Holy Spirit, trained in the school of Christ, and followed unflinchingly at all times, and at all hazards.

3. There comes to every thinking man to-day a new and deeper meaning to the words "son," "husband," "father," "mother," "home."

How wondrously sweet, and beautiful, and touching, and tender, and heroic was the GARFIELD family and home life! Glance at only a few points in the picture.

It is 1833. A "little mother" stand alone in her grief and poverty. With energy, faith and courage she resolves

that the four fatherless little ones shall not be separated—that they shall still have a home. The battle was a hard one, but she won it. With her needle she earned money to provide for the scanty home, and to pay her children's tuition. A few years later, when James, the youngest, resolves to obtain an education, this "little mother" puts in his hands a small sum of money—every cent of it coined by hard work and self-denial—and with her blessing he goes out from that humble home. Thirty-three years later, when that boy, now a strong man, stands in front of the Capitol at Washington with bared head and uplifted hand to take the oath of his high office as Chief Magistrate, is it any wonder that he turns away from all the great men, and the great throng, to the "little grey-haired mother," and with a kiss seeks her congratulations first of all? That day the Son was greater than the Chief Magistrate! And that other brave woman—the farmer's daughter, the pupil, the teacher in the public school, the loving wife of a poor man, growing with her husband's growth, strengthening with his strength, always a help, never a hindrance—this faithful wife and mother, LUCRETIA A. GARFIELD—how the strong man loved her, and how much he owed of his greatness and success to her only God and himself know. If we had more such "little mothers," more such devoted, noble wives, we should have more such men as JAMES A. GARFIELD.

As a husband and farther he was an example to his Nation and the world. Amid all the temptations of Washington life no breath of scandal ever touched his name. He was "not only pure but above suspicion." He had great reverence for the family relation. His love for his children was bountiful and generous. Just after his nomination at Chicago, hundreds of telegrams came pouring in upon him—such as only Americans, in their rapid, good impulses pour upon a lucky friend. With two volunteer clerks the great man sat in his room opening and reading them. His two boys, little fellows at school, sent him one. He read it, tried to talk, but his voice choked, his eyes filled with tears. The father triumphed over the statesman. He broke down and wept, as one of those boys would have done. And the clerks wept too, and the people also when they heard it.

"From scenes like these," sang Burns, "old Scotia's grandeur springs." "Whether in a palace or a cottage, true love and unity are the sources of national prosperity. It is on the virtues of private life that all institutions rest. The sacred ties of family and home give strength to laws and nations." He who exalts and ennobles the family and family life makes all the world his debtor.

4. As our great Nation and the world has watched by that bed of pain, we have learned, as never before, how close of kin we are. Blood is thicker than water. AMERICANS: Our grief-stricken Nation is knitted together as never before. Fifty millions of people have watched for months by that heroic bed. They have sunk partyism in prayer for the loved life. In the language of Frank Pixley: "We mourned the murdered Lincoln with anger in our hearts, but over the grave of our dead President all these mad passions are hushed, all angry resentments are buried, all unkind recollections are forgotten. In South and West, in North and East, in all lands where civilization dwells, in all parties, and in all divisions of parties, there is only a deep sorrow and profound regret over the untimely death of our murdered President. Fifty millions o

united hearts beat in mournful refrain around his dead body. The flags draped in black, hanging at half mast, are the emblems of a common sorrow—the sincere and heartfelt grief of a united people. We step in measured tread to the sad music of the funeral dirge, and it finds no echo in the Nation's heart than that of the profoundest grief."

What JAMES A. GARFIELD could not do, perhaps, while living, he *has* done *wounded, dying, dead!* He has brought the country together. North and South have seen, as never before, the necessity of abating the fury of faction, the great sin of sectional strife. They have clasped hands over that heroic bed. A blind, disabled Confederate soldier voiced the common feeling of the South when he sent his touching telegram praying for the life of "*our* President to be spared to *our* Nation." That soldier saw, and the South, at last, also sees, that his former foe was not his enemy; that there is no longer a North and a South, but a common country, a Nation, of which we are all proud to be called citizens.

5. Let me turn back the pages of our Nation's history a little that I may make you see my last thought more clearly:

It is April, 1865. The war-clouds which, for four long years have overhung our land, dropping their bloody rain, are beginning to break, and to be "rolled up like a scroll," when suddenly, a thunderbolt fell out of that departing storm-cloud; it struck down our choicest one: ABRAHAM LINCOLN fell, stricken down by the hand of an assassin. How the wires quivered as they carried over the shuddering land the fatal news. How men's faces paled, and all loyal hearts were wrung with agony. In New York city, as the news ran from heart to heart, a great crowd surged into Wall street, with gleaming eyes, compressed lips, set teeth, and blanched faces; with vengeance in every heart, with dread, and terror and a fearful foreboding as they thought of the future—the crowd become a mob! Suddenly a strong man pushed his way through that surging, living sea, climbed some steps, and stood before them. Something in the face and manner of JAMES A. GARFIELD as he stood there quieted that mob though no one knew who he was; a death-like silence fell upon them; all eyes were turned toward that strong face, as if pleading for help. And not in vain. One single sentence from his ringing voice filled each soul with courage and hope. Drawing himself up, he said: "GOD REIGNS! *and the Government at Washington still lives!*" So I say to you to-day: "God reigns!" thanks be to His name, and all is well The President is DEAD but the NATION LIVES, never so strong as now. "The Republic is peace. The Government is law The Union is secure and rebaptized into nationality and human rights. The people are brothers. The one flag floats from below the Gulf to either Portland." Our institutions are imperishable. Sure as the processions of the seasons, strong as the purposes of Deity, country, liberty, progress and civilization go on. God rules. "His purposes of love for those made in His image will not be worked out world-wide, till the Angel who shall stand with one foot on sea and one foot on land, shall swear by Him that sitteth on the throne and who liveth forever, with the voice of Omnipotence and the warrant of concluded purpose, that Time shall be no longer."

"O, ye of little faith!" Fear not. God's plans never fail.

JAMES A. GARFIELD is dead! We cannot yet measure our loss. He was a grander

man than the world thought him to be.

But the succession of good men is never wholly broken. The gaps which are made by Death are filled. The ranks close up and the world moves on. Yet, in a hundred years there has been but one WASHINGTON, one LINCOLN and one GARFIELD. We know not if in a hundred years to come there will be other men like them. God grant that there may be, and that led and governed by such men, the Nation we love "may be a Nation whose God is the Lord, and which shall never perish from the face of the earth."

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